



Songs of Mourning:

BEVVAILING
the vntimely death of
Prince *Henry*.

VVorded by THO. CAMPION.

And set forth to bee sung with one voyce
to the Lute, or Violl :

By *JOHN COPRARIO*.

LONDON:
Printed for *Iohn Browne*, and
are to be sold in *S. dunstons*
Churchyard, 1613.



ILLVSTRISSIMO,
POTENTISSIMOQVE PRIN-
CIPi, FREDRICO QVINTO, RHENI
COMITI PALATINO, DVCI BAVARIÆ, &c.



*Ogimur; inuitis (Clarissime) parce quærelis
Te saluo; lætis non finit esse Deus:
Nec speratus Hymen procedit lumine claro,
Principis extincti nubila fata vetant.*

*¶ Illius inferias mæsto iam Musica cantu
Prosequitur, miseros hæc Dea sola iuuat.
¶ Illa suos tibi summittit (Dux inclite) quæstus,
Fraternus fletu quem sociauit amor.
Sed noua gaudia, sed tam dulcia fœdera rupit
Fati infælicis liuor, & hora nocens.
Quod superest, nimios nobis omni arte dolores
Est mollire animus, spes meliora dabit:
Cunctatosq; olim cantabimus ipsi Hymenæos,
Læta simul fas sit reddere vota Deo.*



A N E L E G I E
vpon the vntimely death of
Prince Henry.



Eade you that haue some teares left yet vnspent,
Now weepe your selues hart sicke, and nere repent:
For I will open to your free accesse
The sanctuary of all heauinesse:
VWhere men their fill may mourne, and neuer sinne:
And I their humble Priest thus first beginne.
Fly from the Skies yee blessed beames of light,
Rise vp in horrid vapours vgly night,

And fetter'd bring that rauinous monster Fate
The fellow, and the traytour to our state
Law-Eloquence wee neede not to conuince
His guilt, all know it, 'tis hee stole our Prince,
The Prince of men, the Prince of all that bore
Euer that princely name: O now no more
Shall his perfections like the Sunne-beames dare
The purblinde world, in heau'n those glories are.
VVhat could the greatest artist, Nature, adde
T'encrease his graces? deuine forme hee had

Striuing

A N E L E G I E

Striuing in all his parts which should surpasse;
And like a well tun'd chime his carriage was
Full of coelestiall witchcraft, winning all
To admiration, and loue personall.
His Launce appear'd to the beholders eyes
VWhen his faire hand aduanc't it in the skyes
Larger then truth, for well could hee it wield,
And make it promise honour in the field.
VWhen Court and Musicke cal'd him, off fell armes,
And as hee had beene shap't for loues alarmes,
In harmony hee spake, and trod the ground
In more proportion then the measur'd sound.
How fit for peace was hee, and rosie beds?
How fit to stand in troopes of iron heads?
VWhen time had with his circles made complete,
His charmed rounds? All things in time grow great.

This feare euen like a commet that hangs high,
And shootes his threatening flashes through the skye,
Held all the eyes of Christendome intent
Vpon his youthfull hopes, casting th' euent
Of what was in his power, not in his will:
For that was close conceal'd, and must lye still
As deeply hid, as that designe which late
VWith the French Lyon dyed. O earthly state
How doth thy greatnesse in a moment fall?
And feastes in highest pompe turne funerall?

But our young *Henry* arm'd with all the arts
That sute with Empire, and the gaine of harts,
Bearing before him fortune, power, and loue
Appear'd first in perfection, fit to moue
Fixt admiration: though his yeeres were greene
Their fruit was yet mature: his care had beene
Suruaying India, and implanting there
The knowledge of that God which hee did feare:

vpon the vntimely death of Prince *Henry*.

And eu'n now, though hee breathlesse lyes, his sayles
Are strugling with the windes, for our auayles
T' explore a passage hid from humane tract,
VVill fame him in the enterprife, or fact.

O Spirit full of hope why art thou fled
From deedes of honour? why's that vertue dead
VVhich dwelt so well in thee? a bowre more sweet
If Paradise were found, it could not meete.

Curst then bee Fate that stole our blessing so,
And had for vs now nothing left but woe,
Had not th' All-seeing prouidence yet kept
Another ioy safe, that in silence slept:
And that same Royall workeman who could frame
A Prince, so worthy of immortall fame;
Liues, and long may hee liue, to forme the other
His exprest image, and grace of his brother.
To whose eternall peace wee offer now
Guifts which hee lou'd, and fed, Musicks that flow
Out of a sowre, and melancholike vayne,
VVhich best sort with the sorrowes wee sustaine.



TO THE MOST SACRED King James.



Griefe, O Griefe, how diuers are thy shapes wherein men lan-

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lyrics)

guish? The face sometime with teares thou fill'st, Sometime the hart thou kill'st with vnscene anguish,

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lyrics)

Somewhile thou smil'st to view how' fate, playes with our humane state. So farre from

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lyrics)

suretie here are all our earthly ioyes, That what our strong hope buildes when least we feare, a

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lyrics)

stronger power destroyes.

(Musical notation: Treble and Bass staves with notes and lyrics)

I
O Griefe, how diuers are thy shapes wherein men languish?
The face sometime with teares thou fil'st,
Sometime the hart thou kill'st

With vnseene anguith.
Sometime thou smil'st to view how Fate
Playes with our humane state:
So farre from surety here
Are all our earthly ioyes,
That what our strong hope buildes, when least wee feare,
A stronger power destroyes.

2
O Fate, why shouldst thou take from KINGS their ioy, and treasure?
Their Image if men should deface
'Twere death, which thou dost race *rase*
Euen at thy pleasure.

Wisedome of holy Kings yet knowes
Both what it hath, and owes.
Heau'ns hostage which you bredd
And nurst with such choyce care.
Is rauisht now great KING, and from vs ledd
When wee were least aware.

The Base.



TO THE MOST SACRED Queene Anne.

Is now dead night, and not a light on earth, or starre in
heav'n doth shine, Let now a mother mourne the noblest birth that ever was both mortall, and diuine,
O sweetnes peerles! more then humane grace! O flowrie beauty! O vntimely
death! Now Musicke fill this place with thy most dolefull breath, O singing waile a fate more truly
funerall, Then when with all hissonnes the fire of Troy did fall.

1

Tis now dead night, and not a light on earth,
 Or starre in heauen doth shine:
 Let now a mother mourne the noblest birth
 That euer was both mortall, and diuine.
 O sweetnesse peerelesse! more then humane grace!
 O flowry beauty! O vntimely death!
 Now Musicke fill this place
 With thy most dolefull breath:
 O singing wayle a fate more truely funerall,
 Then when with all his sonnes the fire of Troy did fall.

2

Sleepe Ioy, dye Mirth, and not a smile be seene,
 Or shew of harts content,
 For neuer sorrow neerer touch't a *QUEENE*,
 Nor werethere euer teares more duely spent:
 O deare remembrance, full of ruefull woe!
 O ceacelesse passion! O vn humane hower!
 No pleasure now can grow,
 For wither'd is her flower.
 O anguish doe thy worst and fury Tragicall,
 Since fate in taking one hath thus disorder'd all.

The Base.



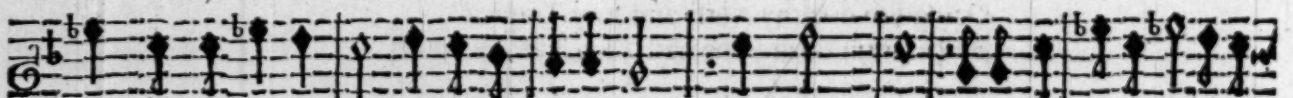
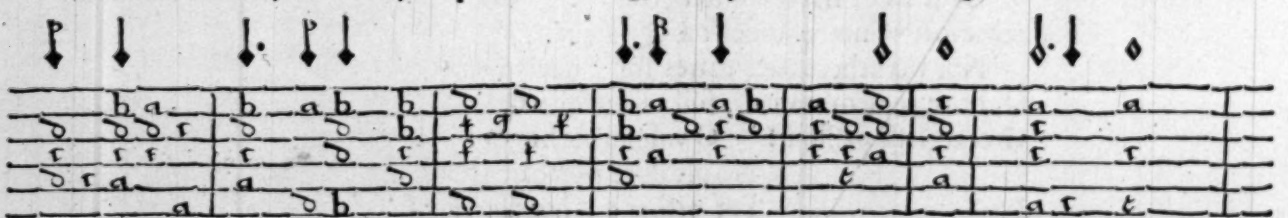
3 TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince Charles.



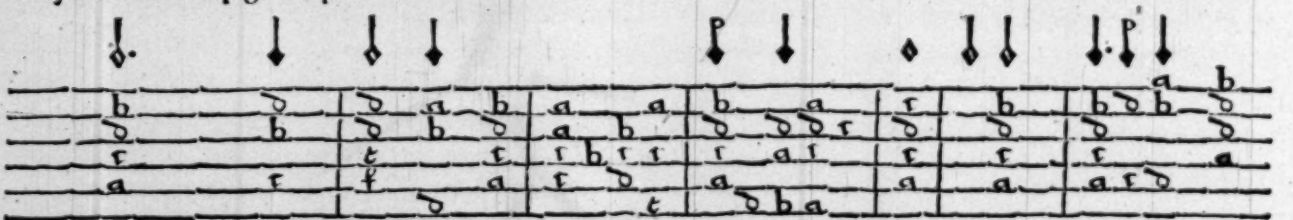
Ortune and glory may be lost and woone, But when the worke of



nature is vn- done, that losse flies past retur- ning, No help is left but mourning: What can to kinde



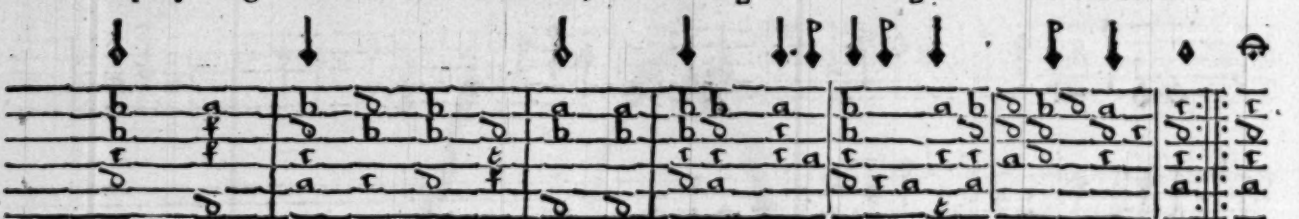
youth more despightfull proue then to be rob'd of one sole bro- ther? Father and mother askereuc-



rence, a brother onely loue, Like age and birth like thoughts and pleasures moue, What gaine can



he heape vp though showers of Crownes descend, Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?



1

Fortune and Glory may be lost, and woone,
 But when the worke of Nature is vndone
 That losse flies past returning,
 No helpe is left but mourning.
 What can to kinde youth more despightfull proue
 Then to be rob'd of one sole Brother?
 Father and Mother
 Aske reuerence, a Brother onely loue:
 Like age, and birth, like thoughts, and pleasures moue:
 What gayne can he heape vp though showers of Crownes descend
 Who for that good must change a brother and a friend?

2

Follow, O follow yet thy Brothers fame,
 But not his fate, lets onely change the name,
 And finde his worth presented
 In thee, by him preuented:
 Or past example of the dead be great,
 Out of thy selfe begin thy storie:
 Vertue, and glorie
 Are eminent being plac't in princely seate:
 Oh heau'n his age prolong with sacred heate,
 And on his honoured head let all the blessings light
 Which to his brothers life men wisht, and wisht them right.

The Base.



4 TO THE MOST PRINCELY AND VERTVOVS
the Lady Elizabeth.



O parted you, So parted you as if the world for e-

uer had lost with him her light, Now could your teares hard flint to ruth ex- cite, yet may you neuer

your loues againe partake in humane sight, O why should loue such two kinde harts dis- seuer,

As nature neuer knit more faire or firme toge- ther?

1
So parted you as if the world for euer
Had lost with him her light
Now could your teares hard flint to ruth excite,
Yet may you neuer
Your loues againe partake in humane fight:
O why should loue such two kinde harts disseuer
As nature neuer knit more faire or firme together?

2
So loued you as sister should a brother
Not in a common straine,
For Princely blood doeth vulgar fire disdaine:
But you each other
On earth embarc't in a celestially chaine
A lasse for loue that heau'nly borne affection
To change should subiect be and suffer earths infection.

The Base.



Fredericke the first, Count Palatine of the Rhein.



Ow like a golden dreame you met and par- ted, That pleasing

straight doth vanish, O who can ever banish the thought of one so princely and free-hearted?

But he was pul'd vp in his prime by fate, And loue for him must mourne though all too late. Teares to the

dead are due, let none forbid sad hearts to sigh, True griefe, true griefe, true griefe cannot be hid.

γ

1
How like a golden dreame you met and parted
That pleasing straight doth vanish:
O who can euer banish
The thought of one so princely and free harted?
But hee was pul'd vp in his prime by fate,
And loue for him must mourne though all too late.
Teares to the dead are due, let none forbid
Sad harts to sigh, true griefe cannot be hid.

2
Yet the most bitter storme to height encreased
By heau'n againe is ceased:
O time that all things mouest
In griefe and ioy thou equall measure louest:
Such the condition is of humane life,
Care must with pleasure mixe and peace with strife:
Thoughts with the dayes must change, as tapers waste
So must our griefes, day breakes when night is past.

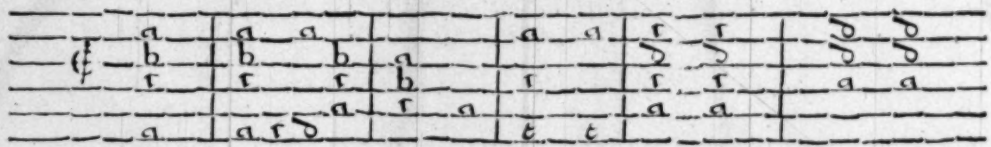
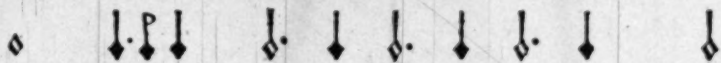
The Base.



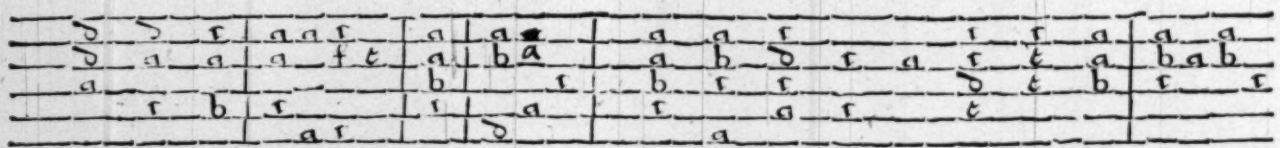
To the most disconsolate
Great Brittain.



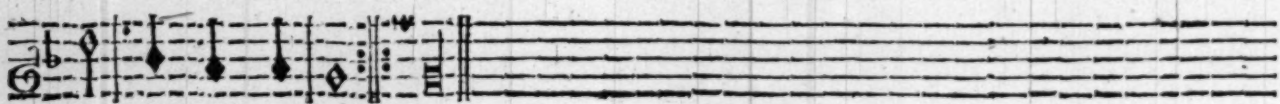
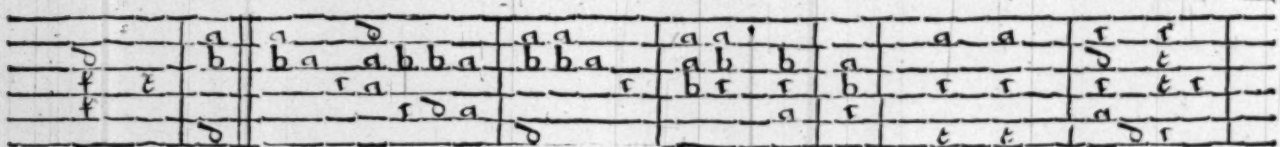
Hen pale famine fed on thee with her insatiate iawes, When ciuill broyles set



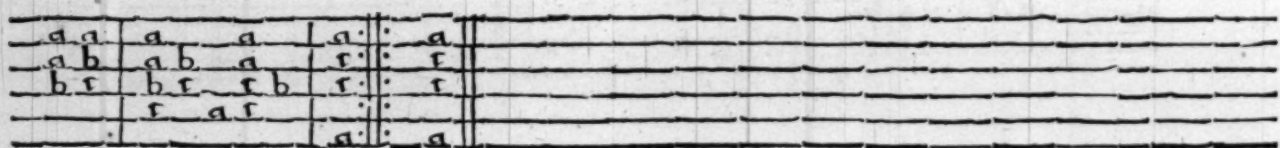
murther free contemning all thy lawes, When heau'n enrag'd consum'd thee so with plagues that none thy



face could know, Yet in thy lookes affliction then shew'd lesse, Then now for ones fate



all thy parts ex-press.



1

When pale famine fed on thee,
 With her vnsatiare iawes,
 When ciuill broyles set murder free
 Contemning all thy lawes,
 When heau'n enrag'd consum'd thee so
 With plagues that none thy face could know,
 Yet in thy lookes affliction then shew'd lesse
 Thou now for ones fall all thy parts expresse.

2

Now thy highest States lament
 A sonne, and Brothers losse;
 Thy nobles mourne in discontent,
 And rue this fatall crosse;
 Thy Commons are with passion sad
 To thinke how braue a Prince they had:
 If all thy rockes from white to blacke should turne
 Yet couldst thou not in shew more amply mourne.

The Base.



E

To the World.



Poore distracted World, partly a slave to Pagans sinnefull rage, partly ob-

fear'd with igno- rance of all the meanes that save, And eu'n these parts of thee that live assur'd of

heav'nly grace : O how they are de-uided? with doubts late by a Kingly pen deci- ded.

O happy world if what the fire be- gun had beene clos'd vp by his religious sonne.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and clefs.

1

O poore distracted world, partly a slaue
 To Pagans sinnefull rage, partly obscur'd
 With ignorance of all the meanes that saue,
 And eu'n those parts of thee that liue assur'd
 Of heau'nly grace : Oh how they are deuided
 With doubts late by a Kingly penne decided?
 O happy world, if what the Sire begunne
 Had beene clos'd vp by his religious Sonne.

2

Mourne all you soules oppress'd vnder the yoake
 Of Christian-hating Thrace; neuer appear'd
 More likelyhood to haue that blacke league broke,
 For such a heauenly prince might well be fear'd
 Of earthly fiends : Oh how is Zeale inflamed
 With power, when truth wanting defence is shamed
 O princely soule rest thou in peace, while wee
 In thine expect the hopes were ripe in thee.

The Base.



17
A Table of all the Songs contayned in
this Booke.

O Griefe.	1
Tis now dead night.	2
Fortune and glory.	3
So parted you.	4
How like a golden dreame.	5
VVhen pale famine.	6
O poore distracted world.	7

FINIS.

C 4546 Fol.
24468

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION